

AUGUST 1933

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10 High Street,

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 8

What better way to help balance the budget than to take the War Department out of the schools?

Every time some cruel or heedless motorist crushes on the road an unfortunate toad or frog, all the insect pests of the neighborhood shout for joy and the gardener mourns.

We extend congratulations to the Governor and citizens of Oregon who so promptly and effectively suppressed the attempt to feature a bull-fight on two rodeo programs.

To talk peace, to spend hundreds of thousands to send men to Disarmament Conferences and then to keep on training our boys to be soldiers is simply saying "Yes" and "No" at the same time.

England has a new humane law. It authorizes the magistrates to deprive the owner who has been convicted of cruelty to his dog of his ownership, or to even have the custody of a dog. No other country in the world, it is stated, has adopted such a measure.

What pages of the *Congressional Record* might never have been printed with no loss to the world when one thinks of their worth as compared with the blind Senator's (Senator Schall) tribute in the *Congressional Record* of May 23 to his faithful dog "Lux," who died undoubtedly from grief at his master's absence.

If thousands of tax-payers are willing to pay the Government to have militarism taught in our schools, why should not those thousands who are opposed to militarism have the right to have some of their tax-paid money go to teaching peace in our schools? Of course, the Government could not do both without knocking down with one hand what it would be trying to build up with the other.

In the Name of Humanity

AGAINST cruelty, inhumanity in any of its forms, our two Societies have from the beginning uttered their protest. Devoted as we are to the welfare of animals, we still must place our human kind first. There lies before us as we write a pamphlet entitled "The Jews in Nazi Germany—The Factual Record of their Persecution by the National Socialists." We shall not quote from it. The facts, thoroughly vouched for, are too unbelievable, too tragic to detail to our readers. Suffice it to say that among all the bitter persecutions the Jews have suffered since their history began, few have equalled that now being inflicted upon them by the man who has trodden roughshod to power over every thing human and divine that has seemed to stay his progress.

Human rights, the sacredest in every civilized land, have been brutally denied some of the finest citizens of Germany. Even the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience has been forbidden under penalty of imprisonment. Homes have been broken up, lifelong associations and traditions disregarded.

Are the gods making this man mad that they may destroy him? This we know—the great mass of the German people are not responsible for this. Every newspaper is censored, and the people are kept in ignorance of what is being done. The rank and file of the German nation are not beasts of prey. Germany's past of culture and solid common sense and industry we must not forget. Heaven forbid that we should indict a whole nation for the barbaric leadership of a dominating few. In spite of all we still hold to our faith, a Christian faith as well as a Jewish one, that the God of Israel slumbers not nor sleepeth; clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.

Lincoln said: "Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

The Gossipers' Drive for Kindness

WHO are the Gossipers? Broadcasters advertising a well-known Boston restaurant company. They are deeply interested in animal welfare, lovers of all unfortunate creatures who can never plead their cause over the radio. They have a dog named Lester and a cat named Mitzi. In connection with their advertising work over the radio they are seeking to reach thousands of boys and girls in New England and secure their interest in what might be called a Be Kind to Animals Club. Every boy and girl is asked to secure a card from the Walton Restaurant Co., Boston, which is signed with the promise to be kind to all animals, and a button with Lester's picture on it is then sent the applicant. Indeed men and women as well as boys and girls are joining the movement and we are glad to encourage it by telling our readers about it. We have received our own Lester Club button as evidence of membership. He who seeks to widen the spirit of kindness is a benefactor to his race. God speed every such man and woman!

We are very glad to tell all the friends of the American Fondouk at Fez that His Excellency, Si Mohammed Tazi, the Pacha of Fez, has graciously consented to accept the invitation to become the Honorary Patron of the Fondouk. How much this will mean for the recognition and value of our humane work at Fez, only those can appreciate who know the influence of the Pacha over the Arabs. Tazi is quite of our modern day in character and education.

A decline in the number of prosecutions for acts of cruelty to animals from an average of 750 a month in England fifteen years ago to 250 today bears witness to the value of humane education and the work of humane societies. We imagine the prosecutions in this country have decreased by nearly the same percentage.

No Fear in Their Eyes

By Miss NETTIE WYSOR, Dublin, Virginia
Awarded second prize, \$15 cash, in prize contest of
OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Father Time and Mother Nature
(When I shut my eyes one day)
Laid their gray old heads together,
And I thought I heard them say:

"Man has ever been too lordly
Toward the creatures he calls dumb,
Thanking God that he is different,
As he throws them bone or crumb.

"True, they do not speak his language,
But they make their wishes known
And declare their joy or sorrow
In a language of their own.

"Though he cannot give his reason,
You can trust a dog to know
Better than his human brother
Who's his friend and who his foe.

"How could words be more expressive
Than the graces of a cat?
He can make it clear at noonday
What he thinks of this or that.

"In the noble breed of horses,
Who respond to touch of hand
Or a word that's gently spoken—
It's because they understand.

"All the wise, swift-footed creatures—
Such a power in friendship lies—
Came at old St. Francis' bidding,
And no fear was in their eyes.

"He delighted in their beauty,
Learned of them and loved them well:
And today the law of kindness
Has not lost its magic spell."



MR. RACCOON PEERING OUT OF HIS COZY WINTER QUARTERS

Jack London Club in Japan

From Noémi P. Raymond, vice-chairman of Nippon Jindo Kai (Japan Humane Society) of Tokyo, came this letter:

Jack London Club:

Please enroll our names in the Jack London Club. We have been members for years in deed if not in name. Noémi P. Raymond; Claude Raymond (7 years).

And kindly send us any pamphlet or announcement relative to the work of the Club.

Of course we were glad to send full information, as we are to send it at any time to those in any part of the world who are interested in preventing the cruelties attendant upon trained animal acts.

I don't try. I have merely posted the woodlot and hope it will not create ill feeling. After all, it is my woodlot, and if I see fit to make of it a sanctuary for wild creatures, that is my business.

From the Massachusetts Audubon Society I have obtained a number of posters printed on cloth. They read as follows:

NO SHOOTING!
HUNTING, SHOOTING, TRAPPING
OR TRESPASSING
WITH FIREARMS OR TRAPS ON THIS PROPERTY
IS FORBIDDEN
AS PROVIDED IN
CHAPTER 131 OF THE GENERAL LAWS

There follows an excerpt from Section 123. I suspect that this will sound more authoritative and prove more effective than the ordinary "No Shooting" or "No Trespassing" signs.

Why I Have Posted My Woodlot

WALTER A. DYER

I DIDN'T do it to be mean, though I confess that an element of selfishness entered in. I have friendly neighbors who hunt. I do not object to their crossing my land and I have never known them to do any material damage to my property. It is out-of-town fishermen in the spring that break down my wire fences. I should prefer to be obliging to my neighbors, but nevertheless I have posted my woods.

It is not a large tract of forest—perhaps ten acres in all—but it is a genuine bit of wilderness and we love it. We have cut a trail through it which forms part of our favorite walk. Wild flowers grow along this trail in abundance—wood anemones and fringed polygalas and clumps of yellow marsh marigolds in May, wood violets and pink lady's slippers in June, not to mention ground pine, pipsissewa, checkerberries, partridge berries, and a dozen varieties of ferns.

And such wild life as we have seeks the seclusion of this woodlot. Gray squirrels, which the red squirrels have driven from the vicinity of the barn, scurry about overhead and a cotton-tail rabbit sometimes scuttles across our path as we approach. They furnish amusement for our dog, who has never harmed one. Now and then a woodchuck ventures in from the meadows. I have seen signs of foxes, too, and I am always hopeful of seeing a raccoon.

But I shall never see a raccoon in those woods, or a fox or a rabbit either, if my neighbors make it a hunting ground. I suppose they want rabbits and squirrels for food and foxes for their pelts, but I suspect that "sport" is the real motive, and I have little sympathy with that. I want these animals for their own sakes, and therein lies my selfishness. Half the fun of owning a woodlot is sharing it with the shy denizens of the wild. That is a point of view difficult to explain to my hunting neighbors and so

And then there are the birds. This morning I heard a cheery whistle from somewhere down toward the woodlot. I called my wife.

"Hear that?"

She listened. Again came the call: "Bob White! Oh, Bob White!"

We looked at each other and grinned.

"Oh, if they would only come back to stay," said she.

Years ago the quail used to whistle all over the farm, but the breed has been nearly exterminated by my friends the hunters. For many seasons we heard them no more. Then last year, in late May, my ears caught the welcome sound and later, in June, we came suddenly on a little family of them in the grass at the edge of the woodlot. They erupted like a sort of explosion close to our feet, the little chicks hurrying off in all directions to lose themselves in the grass while our dog was lured away by the crafty mother who pretended that she had a broken wing and could be easily captured if the dog would follow. He did, and the whole family escaped unharmed.

There are ruffed grouse in our woods, too. Often the dog flushes one near the trail and there is a great whirring of wings as she vanishes among the branches. It is great fun for the dog and exciting to us, and the grouse suffers nothing more than a momentary fright and, I believe, very little of that.

In the fall hunters come past my house bearing trophies of the chase. Last year Peter Rice stopped to show me a brace of woodcock and a beautiful cock pheasant that he had shot. I tried to congratulate him, but the sight of dead loveliness sickened me. A moment's glimpse of a wild bird means more to me than the possession of a dead one. And so I have posted my woods.

I cannot stop the hunting. I shall not even scold my neighbors, for they know no better. But I believe I have a right to protect the wild life on my own little domain, and I propose to do so. I shall tell them that it is just a queer hobby of mine and let it go at that.

If any persons should come into my woods and begin digging up laurel shrubs I should scold them properly and drive them away, and my neighbors would sympathize. I will not allow them to pick my fringed gentians. Haven't I an equal right to conserve my rabbits and my quail? Do I necessarily have to give an explanation for my odd fancy?

I want my woods to be real woods—not just trees, but a home for birds and animals and flowers. I want grouse just as I want anemones and lady's slippers there. They all make a walk through the trail so much more interesting.

I have ceased to be afraid of being considered sentimental, but I am leaving humanitarian arguments out of the present picture. I have posted my woods because I want to keep them natural for my own selfish enjoyment. I think the birds and the squirrels will understand.

Vacationists everywhere are urged to see to it that their family pets are provided for when leaving home or summer cottage.

The Awarding of Medals to Five Notable Dogs

An Interesting Event

THE Society's award of medals, at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, on June 27, to dogs who had, during the past six months, performed outstanding deeds of valor or had displayed unusual intelligence resulting in the saving of life, was the successful culmination of perhaps the most colorful departure in humane education undertaken by this organization in recent years. The success of the affair was in very large measure due to the splendid co-operation of the *Boston Post*, co-sponsor of the project.

Five dogs were selected by the committee on awards, out of many claims investigated and found authentic. The committee, consisting of William R. Rogers, president of the Eastern Dog Club, Miss Francis R. Porter, secretary of the Ladies' Dog Club, and Dr. Francis H. Rowley, was confronted with a somewhat difficult task, because some of the other cases were almost equally meritorious. The committee decided that the determining factor must be the degree of intelligence displayed by the dog in performing the act. In presenting the medals in behalf of the committee, Dr. Rowley said, in part:

"It is fitting that recognition be given to the heroic qualities of the dog. The dog that saves a child from drowning, that awakens the occupants of a burning house, that defends its mistress from attack while being severely beaten itself, is performing a true act of heroism. The dogs assembled here today are, of course, totally unaware of what we are doing. Such things are not within the scope of their intelligence. It is not necessary that they should be. The purpose behind the bestowal of these medals is not to glorify the dog, not to seek to raise him to the level of human beings, more lovable though he so often is and more faithful in his loyalty. The purpose is to focus public attention upon the admirable qualities of the dog character, to instill a greater love of the dog, a greater appreciation of his friendship and service to man."

The gold medal, the premier prize, was awarded to "Flora," a collie, owned by E. D. Tunstall of Brockton, for her heroic defense of Mrs. Ida Brackett, who was living alone in the Tunstall home, from the attack of an intruder who attempted to overpower her and rob the house. The dog leaped upon the man, grabbing him by the arm. A terrific battle ensued, ending in the man's retreat, leaving blood spattered on the floor and pieces of his torn clothing. A heavy crutch, used by the man in beating the dog, was broken in several pieces, and Flora's head bore numerous welts. The four other medals (silver) were awarded in alphabetical order.

A silver medal was given to "Fritz," a cross between a Scotch terrier and a bull terrier, owned by Dexter Nauman of Plymouth, for his intelligent action in calling attention to a drowning puppy, which, unnoticed, had fallen from the deck of a schooner moored at the Fish Pier. Other silver medals were awarded as follows:

To "Mitzi," a full-blooded chow, owned by Thornton Downs of Portsmouth, N. H., for awakening his little mistress, Evelyn, one



CLARENCE HALL, SAVED FROM DROWNING BY HIS DOG

cold winter night, when the dog discovered the kitchen ablaze, by pulling the bedclothes off the child and then guiding her to the front door, meantime waking Mr. and Mrs. Downs by barking.

To "Peter," pedigree German shepherd, owned by Osgood Tower, twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Tower of Cohasset, for dragging and pushing his friend "Don," a cocker spaniel, out of the way of passing automobiles after the spaniel had been struck by a hit-and-run-driver and left helpless in the road with a broken leg.

To "Puppy," last but by no means least, a mongrel, owned by Harold Hall of Monterey, Mass., for leading two Boy Scouts to a pool of water in which Clarence, the two-and-a-half-year-old son of the family, had fallen and was all but drowned. The child lay on the bottom of the pool, whence he was recovered by the boys and resuscitated. Puppy really should also have had a gold medal.

Rodeos, roundups and wild west shows have been condemned by humane organizations both local and national. They involve danger to human life, cruelty to animals, and a demoralizing effect on the spectators. Until these performances are outlawed they should be discouraged by refusal to attend them.

The Jack London Club, with its more than 575,000 adherents, has made its influence felt in the suppression of animal actors upon the stage. If no other humane restraints are brought to bear upon the traffic and training of animals for film production, this Club has attained a standing and reputation sufficient to curb the picture-making industry in the matter of cruelty to animals, if its members live up to their obligation.

Galsworthy Loved a Dog

Editorial in *San Francisco Chronicle*

TRIBUTES to John Galsworthy since his death have quite naturally stressed his greatness as a novelist, as an almost omniscient interpreter of life. And as the author of some of the finest of contemporary English fiction and plays he has wholly earned the best that can be said of him.

But there was another side to Galsworthy. How many who know the magnificence of "The Forsyte Saga" know also a tender little story, "Memories," first published in "The Inn of Tranquillity" in 1912? In that brief, moving study of a dog Galsworthy showed his other self. It is one of the finest dog stories ever written.

And it is because of that story and what it unexpectedly reveals of its author that many thousands of men and women who know what it is to discover the ultimate in companionship with a dog will find in their hearts not only respect for a great writer but everlasting affection for the man. In this revelation of his love for a dog, a love shared by humans everywhere and since all time, Galsworthy made himself one with all men, a sharer, too, in the simple, everyday emotions which touch men so much more nearly than those more complex sensibilities he also understood so well.

That he will be remembered as one of the great is certain; Westminster Abbey, indeed, may be his final resting place. But he will be remembered also in the hearts of those who know that to love a dog is to come just a little closer to the essence of all living.

Seven Ages of a Gangster

DAVID LEE WHARTON

FIRST the infant; squirming and crowding in its mother's arms as it fondles a toy of shining metal moulded in the form of a gun, bought for the child by its mother.

Then the little lad, as he inspects his toys on Christmas morning. "Gee! a toy pistol, just like a real one, lots of caps, too. Now I can play shooting and killing with the other kids."

Then the growing boy with plastic mind, receiving impressions to be retained through life. He hears his father say, "Son, I have bought you an air rifle, you can have lots of fun shooting birds and stray animals which pass through the alley seeking food and water. Only be careful not to hurt yourself."

Next the hunter. "Say, fellows, father has bought me a shot gun! He is going to take me hunting with him, he says he is going to teach me to shoot birds on the wing 'n' everything."

Then the young man at the cross roads, choosing the path of shadows. "I want to get an automatic, please, a good one which can be depended upon never to miss fire."

And now the full-fledged gangster. "Next time we put a guy on the spot I want to handle the machine gun myself. You birds shoot like bunch of amateurs."

Last scene of all. "The condemned man walking to the gallows between two rows of guards, all heavily armed."

Was he altogether to blame? His pathway from the cradle has been laid upon a foundation of murderous toys!

"Dobbin Carries On"

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*On the quiet byways,
In the clanging mart,
Lonely roads or highways,
See old Faithful Heart!
Sure, and safe, and steady,
Wise, and kind, and strong,
So alert and ready—
"Prince," or "Pal," or "Neddy"—
Still he fares along.*

*Fifty thousand threading
The traffic, madly whirled,
Of that city heading
The Babels of our world!
Many, groomed, strong, shining,
Proudly do their part;
Some, with strength declining,
But not one repining,
Drag the shabby cart.*

*Where the fields lie, asking
Service manifold,
Ready for such tasking
Still a place they hold;
Freed from tail unswerving,
Shining-eyed they greet
The flowing trough, low-curving
Wet with stout-heart serving—
Hear that whinny sweet!*

*Dear, dear burden-bearers,
Since history began
Given to be wayfarers
With weak and needful Man!
Chill machines' endeavor
Leaves you still your grace;
Loveless things can never
Win our love, or ever
Fill your ancient place!*

Lobsters—How to Cook

**Put in Lukewarm Water and
Bring to a Boil**

MANY thousands of people in this and other lands insist on eating the lobster. What, or how much, a lobster suffers by being dropped into boiling water nobody knows, or can know.

The statement is made on the authority of Joseph Sinel, late of the Jersey (England) Marine Biological Survey, that the lobster placed in *lukewarm* water, temperature from 100 to 130 degrees Fahrenheit, gradually collapses without any struggle and is dead long before the boiling point is reached.

Experiment has been made with this method at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by our doctors. Two live fresh lobsters were placed in water of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Within a few minutes without any struggle they gave every evidence of being perfectly unconscious. This method did not toughen the meat as sometimes claimed. We never tasted tenderer or better in every way.

This being the case, why should not this plan be adopted wherever lobsters are to be boiled? All possibility of suffering is thus eliminated.

In broiling lobsters, since they are instantly nearly severed in half by a knife or cleaver that passes at once through the brain and body, death must be instantaneous.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS**The Ways of Wild Horses**

SILVERQUILL

BETWEEN the northern boundary of Montana and Old Mexico, a region which embraces the states of Utah, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and parts of California, there are said to be more than a million—some say two million—wild horses, free as their own desert winds, as unbranded as antelope, and as untamed as the lightning. Over these empires of Silence they roam as they list, their nostrils like twin sacraments and their necks clothed with thunder.

Some conception of this vast region of the Blue Still, and its untamed condition, may be had when it is stated that, if one were to make, say, Boise City, Idaho, a starting point, one could ride straight north to the headwaters of the Yukon and never

not be too rugged. A horse is too heavy for mountain running. He selects his home according to numbers. If there is a small "band," smaller grazing ground will do. If there is a large "band," he must have more.

It is quite well known to those of us who grew up with wild horses that they observe a clearly defined social system and order of family life which positively prevents inter-breeding. They are organized on the Patriarchal plan. The females are collected into groups of from ten to fifty, and are always presided over by some lordly male, that is sure to be a relentless tyrant. These groups, which are usually called "bands," locate in some region which strikes their fancy, and if not molested will remain there indefinitely.

If in a snowy country each "band" will have a "summer range" and a "winter range." These are occupied according to the seasons.

Having collected a nucleus for a following, the male builds it up by many methods well known to polite human society. For instance, he will make long, solitary journeys to some settlement, and endeavor to lure away domestic stock, and in this he is usually successful. With wide-open mouth and flattened ears he will drive these stolen females to his "band," and once they have become members of his wilderness fraternity these runaways from the ranches immediately become as wild as the others.

Sometimes, as one knight stormed the castle of another, taking everything with it, these chieftains of the Unfenced will go boldly and take by force the entire group of another male. But no patriarch ever surrendered his following without first doing wild battle with the invader. These combats are ferocious and deadly in the extreme, in which the gladiators rend each other with their teeth and mangle one another with their hoofs. If one goes down the other will kneel upon him trying to crush him with sheer weight.

But, when whipped, outclassed, the defeated one will wander about until he has collected another following and found another range.

There is also a process of weeding out by which a male deletes his own offspring from his "band." These that are driven out join other societies here and there, so that there is a constant trading of members going on all the time, between the different groups. In this way wild horse blood is kept perfectly pure. As the younger males build up their "bands" new territory is preempted, and so the growth of this species is extended.

When some lone rider approaches one of these groups the patriarch, always on the lookout for danger, gives the snort of warning. The mothers paw their colts awake and the "band" rushes together and dashes away in the opposite direction. Usually the male keeps between the intruder and his following, driving in the laggards, and putting the entire group at full speed.

The territory of one "band" is never invaded by another "band." These range rights are strictly respected, so that each male reigns in absolute splendor alone.

**"FREE AS THE DESERT WINDS"**

In the summer time wild horses go to drink around ten o'clock each morning. When within half a mile of the spring, or water-hole, they fall into single file, with a selected leader, and go down one of their trails in a long string, but always very cautiously, for a wild horse has inherited from his pre-historic ancestors the fear of what may lurk for him at his drinking places. While drinking, some are always on guard. They never all drink at the same time.

To protect themselves from flies they often roll in the mud and let it dry on their bodies, but this is not generally practised among them. When quenching his thirst the wild horse will take a few swallows of water, then fling up his head and look about him to see if anything is trying to creep up and spring on him. When done drinking, he usually whirls, as if under great nervous tension, and dashes away like a thunderbolt.

Wild horses do not always go to the same spring to drink. This is sort of an innate precaution observed by many wild animals. Having drunk their fill they usually stand, or lie, near the water-hole till about four in the afternoon when they move away to their feeding-grounds, and do not drink again till noon of the next day.

It is a very interesting fact that wild horses do not feed twice in the same direction from their springs. Today they move away to the west. Tomorrow they feed to the east, and so on. In this way they keep their range fresh all the time. The trails which come down to each watering-place always fade out a little way back on the slopes. These paths are made when the horses come in to drink, not when they leave the spring.

Wild horses always keep their feet in perfect condition. One never sees long, overgrown hoofs on the range, like those which develop in stalls. Just as a deer polishes his horns on the bushes to keep them sharp, a horse will travel just enough to keep his feet in good order.

There is a beauty and grace about a wild horse, and a pride of movement, with a bounding, unfettered spirit and redness of nostril and flashing of eye, which pass like a shadow when they are captured and "broken." And though they may go wild again, after returning to their unfenced home, this beauty and spell never return to them. Once the withering touch of Man has reached them it never departs.

Wild horses have facial expressions, just like humans. Some are coarse, ugly, with sinister, inky eyes. Others are pretty, dainty, with the most lovely eyes and expression imaginable. They are also moved by the same feelings of attraction or repulsion which actuate us. Often, one sees cases of "falling in love" among them, in which some handsome young male and some dainty, graceful female become deeply attached to each other, so that wherever seen they are together, and if separated in any measure they become frantic till they are reunited. These exhibitions of sentiment are very interesting as well as very beautiful.

Wild horse mothers are very devoted. When it is warm the colts lie at full length on the ground and sleep very soundly. Upon the appearance of danger the mothers seek to awaken them by touching them with their

muzzles, or by quick, short little snorts. If this does not bring them up she will paw them with her foot. These colts are long-legged, and when very young will run with the "band" for hours at full speed.

Also, wild horses get homesick. If driven to a corral and finally mastered by rope and harness, they will seem to surrender to the inevitable, and to be content with their lot, but one should not be deceived by this seeming docility, for deep within him the wild horse retains a clear recollection of the old range where he was born, and a changeless love for it, too, and some day he will go back.

Numberless cases are known where such horses have been taken hundreds of miles away only to come back at last. If the owner happens to be keen of eye, and to have a good understanding of wild horse nature, he may detect a pair of these exiles some day standing very close together, their heads in opposite directions. He will see them touch noses often, indulging in some mysterious communication. Also they will be to themselves, very watchful, and seemingly not in the least hungry. These are the symptoms of migration, and sometime that night they will vanish.

For, among many other things in the heart of a wild horse is homesickness, and you may be sure he knows the way back.



"PHANTOM," LATE DOG OF PRESIDENT LOWELL
STATUE BY BASHKA PAEFF, BOSTON SCULPTOR

Among the pleasant experiences of President Lowell, of Harvard, upon his retiring from the presidency at this last Commencement, was the presentation to him by the graduating class of a bronze statue of his famous little dog, Phantom, which died recently. Phantom had been a visitor to our Hospital for several years whenever his need required our services. Receiving the gift President Lowell is reported to have said: "Good old dog. He was better known around here than I am. We were all fond of him. I guess he did about as much good around here as I did." Alas for him or her to whose heart the loyalty and devotion of a dog makes no appeal!

The Marbled Godwit

THOMAS ROONEY

ROSS-WORD puzzle fans are familiar with the extinct dodo bird, but perhaps very few know of the marbled godwit, once a clamorous inhabitant of Minnesota. Tradition is an unreliable historian, a master of fiction. Many fantastic tales has she spun about this buff-colored being of yesterday. The long-beaked, reed-legged water bird has been designated a scavenger far worse than the crow. This is not true.

There are still a few octogenarian bird lovers whose memories are unsullied by imagination and the creative urge. To them I owe this account.

The godwit was named after his unearthly call—"go' wit! go' wit!"—which was perhaps the world's most discordant call until the introduction of the saxophone. He was a large bird, measuring two feet in length, with a four-to-five-inch bill that curved slightly upward. He appeared to be on stilts. An excellent wader, the godwit would slush through shallow waters and mire, eating insects and mollusks. More often he would go to the meadows and prairies, there to hunt grasshoppers and other harmful insects. No bird should have commanded more reverence from the farmer.

Although akin to the snipe, the godwit was without fear. No doubt this characteristic led to his oblivion. Merciless men took advantage and shot the birds right and left. The godwit was very good food. During the decade following the Civil War millions of them were killed.

Long ago it was common for a flock of godwits to screechingly alight in the box of a rumbling lumber wagon or atop a load of moving hay. They have been caught by hand on such occasions. Always, then, the free members would protest, circling overhead amidst a deafening din that must have at least menaced the captor's ear drums. "Go' wit, go' wit!"

These big birds, once more common than sparrows, are no longer to be seen. Once an important factor in the checking of insect hordes, they are now remembered by but a few paragraphs in ornithological history. An ob-

literated member of *genus Limosa*. Man fights conditions alone, with agencies of his own devising. But less efficient is he than Nature's feathered aides.

Beetles the world over are living jewels of color and decoration, rivaling the colors of the rainbow, clad in royal armor rich in brilliant iridescence, and do you know that many of them are often within the reach of our eyes?

Men will do a lot of cruel things when the searching eyes of the world are not upon them.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope* with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

If You Must Kill a Tortoise

THIS animal is one of the most difficult to put to sleep humanely. Chloroform, vapor or gas of any kind has little effect upon it. An English exchange, facing this problem, consulted Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, of the London Zoo, and his curator, and this is the best answer that could be obtained:

"No matter what vapor is used a lethal chamber is unsatisfactory because they (tortoises) appear to be able to suspend their respirations for so long.

"If the operator has the skill, a hypodermic injection of, say a cubic centimetre of chloroform into the loose skin of the armpit or the groin is the most satisfactory way of killing them.

"Apart from that, decapitation is as good as any, but one has to remember that there will be a great deal of movement after death. Except in the case of injury, it is probable that it is unnecessary to kill a tortoise which is not so weak that its head cannot be pulled easily from the shell to do this."

American Horses for Spanish Bull-fights? No!

Newspapers continue to publish the false statement that horses are shipped from this country to be used in Spanish bull-fights. We have repeatedly contradicted this on the authority of the United States Department of Agriculture. *Time* was the last offender. It wanted assurance from headquarters. This has been definitely given by the Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry. If any one needs further confirmation or denial of the truth of the statement let him write to United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, D. C.

The Rubber Plaything Fatal

Reports come to us of many fatal results to dogs from playing with rubber balls, dolls or other similar toys. One friend writes of five people known to her whose dogs had died from swallowing pieces of such toys. Post mortems disclosed the rubber as the cause of death. We hope all dog-owners who see this will guard against this danger.

The International Dental Federation

OUR readers will recall the widespread protest that was aroused some time ago by the announcement of the above-named Federation of a series of experiments on the teeth of dogs. These experiments promised to involve such suffering on the part of the dogs that nearly all the humane organizations of the world joined in indignant protest. The following letter to Captain E. G. Fairholme, Secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A., England, from Dr. Nord, the General Secretary of the International Dental Federation at The Hague, seems to settle clearly the question as to the abandonment of the experiments on dogs:

The Hague
May 13th, 1933

The R. S. P. C. A.
105, Jermyn Street
London, S.W.1.

DEAR SIRS,

I can answer you that the question of the dental experiments on dogs will certainly not come up for discussion at Edinburgh, as it was decided at our meeting in Zurich last year to alter the conditions of the competition so that experiments on dogs are not necessary. Further, as far as I know up till now no one has asked the consent of experiment on any animal whatever.

Yours faithfully,
CH. F. L. NORD,
Secretary-General

Work and Meat

A writer in the London Daily Express says that Mussolini is a vegetarian, a teetotaler and never smokes. That his early meal after rising is solely a glass of milk, that he has one full meal a day, at noon, that at night his supper is of fresh fruit only. Another glass of milk is drunk sometime through the day. That he is a worker whose work burns up a lot of energy no one doubts. The fiery, physical-force-consuming Hitler, the same writer tells us, is also a vegetarian.

A Beautiful Prayer

The following prayer, *The Animal World* tells us, is used at Morning Prayer on Sundays at Wycliffe College, England. It was written by the Bishop of Coventry.

"O Father in Heaven, whose tender mercies are over all Thy works, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls, and by whose gentleness we are made great, may the spirit of Thy compassion so inspire the minds and hearts of men, that all Thy lesser creatures here shall be delivered from the bondage of cruelty and fear. Prosper every cause of mercy, and purge each heart of selfishness, that the whole earth may rejoice in the coming of the sons of God."

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Wild Life and the Reforestation Army

FRANK H. CROSS

ATTENTION was called recently to the serious destruction of wild animals and birds in areas occupied by the reforestation army. The complaint is made by M. P. Skinner, field naturalist, and author of "The Yellowstone Nature Book."

The men who have been colonized in the forest regions, it is pointed out, are mostly residents of cities and thus have no background of forest life.

"Far too many of these men," he says, "have but one idea in respect to the creatures they see—that is, to kill them whenever the opportunity offers. Their spare time cannot be devoted to the forms of recreation to which they are accustomed, and ennui and lack of occupation too often lead them to thoughtless, needless and cruel persecution of such wild creatures as exist in the vicinity."

Complaints have come from certain States already, and Mr. Skinner feels that the condition must prevail in all or nearly all the camps. The fault, apparently, is not viciousness, but simply thoughtlessness and lack of instruction.

In the summer when wild creatures are caring for their young, to kill the parent stock means that the young will starve to death, and so the destruction is many times multiplied at this time of year.

The remedy for these conditions seems to lie in the enforcement of regulations against the possession and use of firearms, but perhaps far more could be done by humane organizations, by instituting a movement to instruct the reforestation recruits that conservation of game and wild life is as close to the hearts and desires of most Americans as forest conservation itself. Men should learn and take pride in such an attitude. Instruction against the danger and loss of forest fires has reached nearly every person who has traveled outside the boundaries of a city, and similar instruction against the destruction of wild life could easily be disseminated and given force and direction by friends of animals and birds everywhere. Requests for reading matter for the men in reforestation camps are received regularly in the cities. What better plan than to send them magazines which point out the beauty and charm of our wild life and instill in them a desire to protect rather than destroy wild animals and birds? As Mr. Skinner points out, they should be taught to feel that the eradication of many of the wild creatures, ranging in size from mountain lions to mice, is not a part of their duty. If they are encouraged to kill, or even permitted to kill, wild creatures, far more game and useful or harmless species than injurious ones will be destroyed.

Mr. Skinner insists that all Federal and State lands in and about the areas of reforestation operations should be declared temporary sanctuaries for all wild life, not merely for game, and that many land owners in the vicinity will be glad to have their lands so protected against trespass and other law violations.

A great deal of the destruction complained about is at this season a violation of the

(Continued on page 128, column 3)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

| | |
|---|--------|
| Miles traveled by humane officers | 13,098 |
| Cases investigated | 411 |
| Animals examined | 4,368 |
| Number of prosecutions | 10 |
| Number of convictions | 10 |
| Horses taken from work | 20 |
| Horses humanely put to sleep | 18 |
| Small animals humanely put to sleep | 1,402 |

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

| | |
|---|--------|
| Animals inspected | 35,352 |
| Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep | 3 |

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Susan S. Price of Boston, and Ella F. Wade of Springfield.

July 11, 1933.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Canea, in the island of Crete, famous if for no other reason than that once its shores were trod by the feet of the great apostle, is in sore need of financial help, so its president writes us. We will gladly forward any contribution sent us for this purpose.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE
Including Springfield Branch

| Hospital | Dispensary |
|---------------|------------|
| Cases entered | 683 |
| Dogs | 541 |
| Cats | 129 |
| Birds | 5 |
| Horses | 5 |
| Snakes | 2 |
| Goat | 1 |
| Operations | 930 |
| | Squirrel |
| | 1 |
| Cases | 2,566 |
| Dogs | 2,162 |
| Cats | 356 |
| Birds | 38 |
| Rabbits | 3 |
| Goats | 2 |
| Guinea Pigs | 2 |
| Horses | 2 |

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 111,964
Dispensary Cases 252,228

Total 364,192

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions for June

For cruelly working a horse that was unfit for labor by reason of raw sores on shoulders and debility, and subjecting him to unnecessary suffering (two counts) a defendant was found guilty on both and fined \$25 for each offense. He appealed.

The driver of an auto drove car over a dog, injuring him internally and so severely that owner was obliged to shoot the dog. Driver did not stop or do anything for injured dog. He was found guilty and fined \$25.

For driving a horse whose shoulders were afflicted with gall sores, fine \$10.

Failing to provide proper food and drink for his dog, a defendant who had utterly neglected him for five days pleaded guilty and was fined \$25, to be paid at once or committal would be ordered.

A defendant had saturated a broom with kerosene oil and poked a skunk with the blazing weapon. He pleaded not guilty then altered plea and paid fine of \$5.

For overcrowding fowl, offender was convicted in lower court and fined \$15. He appealed and was later allowed to withdraw appeal, pleaded *nolo* and had case filed.

Having the charge and custody of a horse and cow, defendant was charged in two counts in inflicting unnecessary cruelty and suffering upon each. He was found guilty and fined \$50 on each count.

Working a horse unfit for labor on account of sores under collar and lameness, (horse had been taken from labor but was put to work three days later.) Defendant guilty and fined \$20, which was suspended to September 1.

Failing to provide seven head of stock with proper and sufficient feed, defendant guilty, case continued to December 1 for disposition. Stock put in care of humane officer.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

Water for Work-Horses

Five watering stations for horses with an attendant at each were started in Boston, June 14, by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. They are located at Winthrop, Post Office, Merrimack and India Squares and at Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue. During the first two weeks 4,993 horses were given water. How much this free service means to the working horses during the hot days of summer comparatively few realize. Any contribution towards the maintenance of the service will be gratefully received.

Wins M. S. P. C. A. Medal

Mr. W. J. Rosemond of South Boston, Mass., was presented with the medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., on June 24, for heroism in plunging into the muddy waters of Hawes Pond, Brookline, and swimming some distance in order to rescue a dog which appeared to be drowning. The animal clung to Mr. Rosemond's back and it was with considerable difficulty that it was restored to its owner.

Is There Poison in Your Food?

Mr. Angell, who founded our two Societies, was the friend of both man and beast. He was among the pioneers who began the warfare in this country against adulterated and poisonous foods. He devoted many addresses and writings to this subject. We are not, therefore, without warrant in publishing the following:

A recent article in the *Reader's Digest*, entitled "Do You Know What You Are Eating?" taken from the book, "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," written by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink, of Consumers Research, must arouse in the mind of every reader the question, "How much poison am I paying for every day in the food I eat, and how far am I, thereby, undermining my health?" The statements made by these two students of adulterated and dangerous foods would seem to call for a serious charge against the health authorities of the Federal Government as well as against our state and local health boards. Do these health officers, paid by the tax-paying citizen, know the facts and permit them, or are they ignorant of them, and, if ignorant, what right have they to continue in office?

We shall do no more than quote from these Consumers Research specialists who certainly would not have dared to write what they have unless they knew they had the facts to back them.

"The federal law, contrary to popular opinion, allows meat from tubercular animals, 'even though every organ in the body shows signs of disease,' to be passed, provided the inspector is willing to consider them slight and limited."

"Almost every issue of the 'Notices of Judgment' of the Food and Drug Administration reports seizures. In April, 1931, for example, fines were levied for shipment by a western packer of 2,000,000 cans of partly decomposed salmon.

"For aught we know to the contrary, the (Continued on page 128, column 1)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe. They pay from 4 to 8%—according to your age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name Age

Address

City State

Fez American Fondouk

We greatly regret that we have felt it wise temporarily to reduce expenses somewhat. If we are accepting fewer animals at the Fondouk we are treating and doing more than ever before throughout the city.

Monthly Report

May, 1933—31 Days

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| Daily average large animals | 57.5 |
| Forage for same | \$147.20 |
| Daily average dogs | 7 |
| Forage for same | 5.14 |
| Put to sleep | 1.64 |
| Transportation | 3.55 |
| Wages, grooms, etc. | 21.72 |
| Inspector's wages | 21.72 |
| Superintendent's salary | 116.82 |
| Assistant's salary | 58.40 |
| Veterinarian's salary | 18.70 |
| Motor allowance | 11.68 |
| Sundries | 16.14 |
| | \$479.85 |

Entries: 10 horses, 11 mules, 20 donkeys.
Exits: 9 horses, 12 mules, 53 donkeys.

SUPT'S NOTES: We have kept numbers down as much as possible. The dropping of expenses will only show on June's total as we bought a new stock of straw and barley this month.

Assistant's and Inspector's Report on the 70 Native Fondouks: Visits made during month, 539; animals seen, 5,167; animals treated, 1,745; animals taken to American Fondouk, 10.

H. E. Si Mohammed Tazi, the Pacha of Fez, has accepted to be our Honorary Patron.

A Fine Tribute to the Fondouk

This letter from the Superintendent of the Fondouk speaks for itself:

We had an interview with the Pacha and with Mr. Lemaire, the Chef des Services Municipaux. They both thanked us for what we are doing in Fez and also for the way we are doing it. Mr. Lemaire mentioned that during more than two years he had seen the way the Fondouk was being run—always keeping in touch and good relationship with his services.

We talked over the best way of going on with the Native Fondouk rounds, and came to the conclusion to continue as we have done up to the present. Supposing we find a very bad case and the owner does not consent to have it taken to the Fondouk, we send Larbi to the Pacha and he gives us a man who issues an order that the animal shall be sent to us.

Mr. Lemaire asked us to see the gentleman who was working at the new Municipal regulations concerning domestic animals, and he asked us if we approved of those accepted, or if we had any suggestions to make. We then went through all the articles together. I never dreamed they would go so far as to ask our opinion on Municipal Regulations.

Let's Give It Back

Every once-in-a-while some fellow suggests giving the country back to the Indians. Yes, we've taken the country from them, destroyed most of the natural resources and practically all of its original beauty, killed off the game birds and animals and polluted the streams with our filth; defiled the Indian himself with disease to which he was once a stranger, corrupted his appetite and ruined his primitive sense of right and wrong. Now, let's give the country back to his ragged remnant and let him redeem it and purify his posterity from the effects of civilization.

—The New Leaf

Our Work in Vermont

Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, spent most of the last school year in the public and parochial schools of Vermont, giving 651 of her characteristics talks, illustrated by posters on kindness made by children, in 500 different schools. As a result, 949 Bands of Mercy were organized, with a total membership of 31,922. In visiting the different sections of the state, Miss Gilbert traveled 5,000 miles.

Istanbul S. P. C. A.

FROM Mrs. A. W. Manning, secretary, we have received an excellent report of the Istanbul (Constantinople) S. P. C. A. for the year ending May 1, 1933. More than twice as many dogs and cats were humanely destroyed than in the preceding year, because the Society's inspector was sent to Scutari every week to destroy the dogs collected there by the municipality. The condition of horses in the city is greatly improved. The law has been so vigorously enforced and the sale of small birds in the markets so effectively prevented that fewer limed sticks, nets and cages were confiscated. The destruction of small birds has been greatly reduced. Reformed laws are under consideration in Ankara, which have enlisted the interest and approval of the Minister of Agriculture and of Sabri Bey, Director General of the Government veterinary department. If these laws are passed, animals in Turkey will have protection equal to that of any European country.

Humane education is making steady progress in the schools. Nilufer Baha Hanim has continued her talk eight times a month in all the primary schools in the city and in many of the suburbs. Several Bands of Mercy have been formed as the result of leaflets being printed in Turkish. For the twenty-first time the Angell Prize Speaking Contest was given in Robert College, the occasion being known as Animal Day when all the declamations, and the address, dealt with kindness to animals. Acknowledgment is made to the American Humane Education Society for its practical assistance in this work.

The report of the Hospital, conducted by the Society, shows 1,274 consultations, 232 prosecutions, 945 loads lightened, 400 limed sticks confiscated, and 1,266 requests received to bring small animals to the institution, for the year. In the same period there were humanely put to sleep 3,377 dogs, 3,583 cats, and 13 horses.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Slaughter of the Fur-Seals

FOR many years the methods of capture and slaughter of fur-seals in Alaskan waters have called forth the protests and denunciations of humane societies. They have been frequently cited as a form of cruelty, torture and wastefulness which was nothing short of diabolical, and unworthy of our modern civilization. That such barbarous practices have prevailed, especially during the early years when free-for-all raids were made upon the great fur-seal herds, there is evidence. To make use of this, however, in a present-day arraignment of seal slaughter is misleading and inexpedient in the face of actual conditions.

Early in the present year an article appeared in an English publication which sets forth in vivid terms the "butchery" annually taking place in the Pribilof Islands. The writer relies for proof "not by one's own statement, but by the testimony of those who have themselves had a part in it and who cannot, therefore, be accused of partiality." He quotes from one Steller, "who is not a rough native but a well educated and careful observer," as follows:

"These animals (seals) cling tenaciously to life. More than 200 blows on the head with a stick are needed to kill them. And even when several men are at it one has to stop several times to rest. When all its teeth are broken, its skull in pieces, its brain almost entirely destroyed, the animal continues to defend itself.

"I know of one whose skull I had split in two, whose eyes I had put out, and which still remained alive for more than a fortnight motionless as a statue.

"This method of taking out the eyes is, moreover, highly to be recommended, according to those who know. It prevents the animal escaping. He stays where he is, not knowing where to go, and is supported on all sides by the dense crowd of his fellows. One can understand that this must considerably facilitate matters."

Lack of space precludes further quotation from the report. Steller is the sole authority mentioned in this harrowing account of much greater length.

Who was this "careful observer?" From the Bureau of Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture, we learn that Georg W. Steller was a German naturalist on a Russian exploring expedition who made his observations, above mentioned, in the winter of 1741-42, nearly 200 years ago, on the Commander Islands near Kamchatka. The vessel, commanded by Vitus Bering, was cast ashore. Thirty-one of the crew died of scurvy. Forty-six survived the disease and subsisted mainly upon seal flesh. Stones and clubs were the only weapons at their command; but this was not a sealing expedition at all. Steller wrote an account of it which was published six years after his death in 1751 by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. It is but a tale of woe in which men in desperate straits were forced to extreme measures. It deserves no consideration in the history of wanton or cruel seal destruction.

The seal herd of the Pribilof Islands for the past twenty years has been under the surveillance and regulation of the U. S.

Department of Commerce. Concerning the present methods of killing a limited number annually, we are indebted to Mr. Edward A. Preble of the Bureau of Biological Survey, who states:

"It is believed that the present method of killing is effective, and as humane as possible and that no change is necessary or desirable. The seal selected to be killed is stunned by a blow on the head by a heavy club, and while unconscious is stabbed in the heart and bled. The method is thus at least as humane as that followed in slaughtering domestic animals for food.

"It might be added that the method is the one that has been found most practicable. Since the animals at the time of killing are in a crowded mass, shooting would result in the wounding of many not intended for slaughter, besides mutilating many of the skins. It has been tried and found impracticable except in case of an occasional old animal that is desired for a specimen. For commercial purposes only the immature males, scarcely half grown, are killed.

"The introduction of motor trucks and the making of roads has made it possible to do the killing at points nearer the natural haunts of the animals, and thus to reduce the distance that the animals selected must be driven to the actual killing grounds."

From this it appears that while conditions are probably still far from ideal, wanton and indiscriminate killing has been stopped and that such killing as is done is now tempered with mercy, and that, suffer as many of the seal may, greatly exaggerated stories have been circulated by people who have not known all the facts.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE PUPPY BOOK, Ruth and Loring Dodd.

In these simple rhymes "Wendy" Dodd, a little cocker spaniel puppy, just pours out his heart on everything relating to the first year of a dog's life. The verses, usually comprising from one to four stanzas of four short lines each, have the merit of brevity, and on each alternate page is a line and color drawing of "Wendy," charmingly done by Dr. Dodd, who is a professor in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. "In my whole 35 years of experience," writes Manager Gregory of the publishing firm, "we have not published any other book that seemed to arouse such spontaneous enthusiasm among dog lovers as has this little book." It has won the unstinted praise of such writers as Albert Payson Terhune and Professor William Lyon Phelps. It is for anyone who has ever brought up a puppy or loved a dog. It is attractively bound in decorated boards with cloth back.

66 pp. \$1. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

From a Recent Book on Zola by Henri Barbusse

He, Zola, formed his opinion on the worth of people according to the way in which they treated animals. He almost always had dogs around him.

If the love of beasts, says Barbusse, sometimes tends to develop early in certain restricted mentalities, if it exists sometimes

in strange union with ferociously narrow conceptions, it is none the less an important love born of the respect and pity for life, in other words, of a profound sense of life.

These simple transparent creatures that move around us, whose destiny is completely in our hands, give us a fragmentary, sketchy but stark view of the great essential profundity of life: the faculty of suffering and that of thinking. This profound life is independent of the luxuries of knowledge and intelligence which the human branch of the animal world has added to it, and wherever it is found, it is venerable as all nature is. There is in the animal all that there is in man, in a smaller, more humble, more pure, more innocent,—more visible guise. Among all our sentiments, there is none more human than the love of beasts.

In Memory of "Buddy"

Polka-Dot Whiskery, a beautiful Airedale, registered, was known to his many friends as "Buddy" and he justified the name.

Buddy's ancestry included eight champion Airedales. He was purchased in 1927, at the age of nine months, from Mr. George Thorwith, of Ramsey, N. J., (a noted New Jersey breeder) by Mr. R. M. Handy, superintendent of the Massachusetts Masonic Home at Charlton, Massachusetts.



"BUDDY"

Buddy came into daily contact with a large number of residents, employees, and visitors of the Home. Consequently he did not grow up to be a one-man dog, but was friendly with everybody. He was a special favorite of children, and young visitors occasionally sent post cards to him. He became one of the most widely known dogs in the State.

In the late afternoon of December 29th, Buddy was crossing the street in Charlton Center, when he was struck by an automobile and instantly killed.

The memory of the orderly, loyal, friendly life of this dog will endure in the hearts of those who knew him and loved him.

The above is from the *Kennel Review*, it also appeared in *Country Life*.

Buddy is buried at Hillside Acre, the Small Animal Cemetery of the Mass. S. P. C. A.'s Farm at Methuen where between five and six hundred other small animals have been taken by those who wished the bodies so cared for.

Me or You?

By Mrs. L. F. MESSMAN, Enid, Oklahoma
Awarded honorable mention in prize contest of
OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Somebody pulled
burrs from a pony's mane;
Somebody put
the frog-teasing boys to shame;
Somebody turned
loose a butterfly;
Somebody rescued
a chick left to die;
Somebody petted
a motherless calf;
Somebody was able
to brave a laugh;
Somebody got rid
of the guinea-pig's fleas;
Somebody quieted
the frightened bees—
Was that somebody me?

Somebody set
a bird's broken wing;
Somebody left
the squirrels to swing;
Somebody fed
an aged old mule;
Somebody sheltered
a kitten—a jewel;
Somebody untied
a can from Rover's tail;
Somebody heard
an injured lamb's wail;
Somebody gave
in no spirit of lend;
Somebody played
the Dumb Animal's friend—
Was that somebody you?

Humane Workers' Fund

So far gifts now amounting to \$6,067 have been received for the American Humane Education Society's trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

Your contribution to this fund will be most welcome. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. also is raising a special fund to provide, when necessary, for employees who have been retired or for any reason are incapacitated for work. Contributions to this fund should be sent to the Treasurer and marked plainly for Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Retirement Fund.



ASLEEP IN THEIR MASTER'S STUDY

Writers Prefer Cats

C. M. LITTLEJOHN

THERE is a wealth of interesting evidence, past and present, that a large number of members of the literary craft in those halcyon belles lettres days, as well as in the plainer writing trade of the present, had a particular predilection for the fireside companion whose warming purr may have kept aglow the spark of genius.

English scholars, French writers and American authors have in innumerable instances been possessors of quiet and cuddly some cats that have shared their thoughts by the hearth and doubtless fitted into, if not stimulated, their writing moods.

There was, for instance, in more ancient days, the gray pussy of the essayist Montaigne, the friendly feline of the author of "Ivanhoe," and an amazing group of French writers of various periods who possessed a laudable array of such pets.

The dreamy, philosophic and romantic stylist, Theophile Gautier, that master of the French *conte*, M. Prosper Merimée, the distinguished author of "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo, with his "Chanoine," all showed a deep-rooted fondness for the *chat*. "Micetto," pet of Chateaubriand, and the two mademoiselle pussies of the popular Pierre Loti, shared the silence of their master's writing solitude and dreamed away the hours with those who put their dreams on paper.

Among French writers, Charles Baudelaire, author of numerous essays in which cats play a part, and creator of distinctive "prose poetry," deserves especial mention as a famous admirer of cats. He doubtless felt to a warm degree the particular spiritual experience emanating from friendship with cats, a friendship possibly existing only when deserved, as only a few may fully know and understand the real affection of the loudly purring pet.

In his numerous writings of cats, one of his poems is a celebrated classic of French literature. His prose poem, entitled "The Clock," however, refers to the manner in which the Chinese tell time by the profound eyes of the cat. There he sets forth, in

tribute to his aptly named "Feline," that if he leaned over and plumb the depths of her adorable eyes, he could see distinctly ever the same that vast solemn Hour, immense as Space, without divisions of minutes or seconds, an hour, fixed, immobile, unmarked on clocks, light as a sigh, rapid as a quick glance—all done in the most beautiful of poetic French prose.

What photos have we seen of American writers with their little pussy cats! Quite a bit of the pensive pose and utmost tranquility is due to the presence of the companionate cat, which forms the real "human interest" of the picture.

Richard Wightman, noted American poet, is photographed, for instance, for a frontispiece to his volume of verse with his pet cat at his feet. Oliver Herford, humorist, is shown informally in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, seated at his desk drawing sketches of his pet, his wide-eyed little tabby held closely by his side. Mark Twain once possessed no less than eleven kittens—a regular cat farm that proved the fondness of the greatest of American humorists for pussies.

Many other successful writers of various countries probably owe their success, or at least their personal and home contentment, to the influence of cats. Purring may aid cogitation by the fireside, better stimulating the thought processes or ratiocination. This audible appreciation may be an inspiration to the writer. It is quite possible to induce deeper reflection. A cat seems to be so thoughtful in front of the fire. Seated together, the cat and the man before a dancing blaze, the cat appears to have greater power of concentration, the more pensive, undivided, poised and satisfied expression.

Well nigh perfect companionship is offered the writer by the cat, who doubtless believes in that maxim that "a friend is one who knows our faults and still loves us." His is no fair-weather friendship that forsakes the writer when his mail brings rejection slips, and manuscripts over which he has labored are spurned by the editors. As ever, his fur-covered mascot maintains a discreet and dignified silence. By exercise of the greatest forbearance he conceals what he thinks, complacently, patiently, passively.

The cat in thoughtful contemplation resembles the soul of wisdom itself, with far more knowing mien than the wise old owl of the oak who, the legend runs, "the more he heard the less he spoke." His is an understanding, faithful heart, palpitating as it purrs with grateful abandon, sympathetic to life's problems as they confront the author-friend, encouraging or comforting him without intruding into his affairs. Anxious to help in some measure with his task, he knows they also serve who only purr and wait, till Fame unlocks her rusty gate.

An Associated Press dispatch from Stockholm says that the Lapps, nomads of northernmost Sweden, have been denied the right to kill bears without special permit, the Riksdag deciding the animals were threatened with extinction because of the hunters' prowess with spears and clubs.

Do Carrier Pigeons Think?

L. E. EUBANKS

SINCE pigeons were used as messengers as early as the fifth Egyptian dynasty and have served man so faithfully through the centuries, it would seem that they should be given some credit for a feeling of responsibility.

I believe that when a bird is used repeatedly to carry a message, that bird becomes more or less conscious of its mission, realizes that there is a purpose in the flying. The use of these birds is no longer confined to times of war; present-day activities employ them in many other ways. Forest rangers prize their help in the control of fires. Air pilots frequently carry several pigeons as a means of communication should they be obliged to land in an isolated place.

One of the most recent uses for pigeons is in the making of aerial photographs with a small, light camera which is strapped around the bird's body. Sometimes air messages are attached to the same bird's legs. At intervals the camera automatically makes exposures, as the bird flies. I think that the pigeon flying with such an outfit, anyway after a few repetitions, feels himself to be an actor in something important. It is significant that the bird lets nothing happen to the equipment, and seldom gets "sidetracked."

Unless pigeons think, how would we explain this: Sometime ago a pigeon-fancier in Dover missed one of the birds from his loft, and tried in vain for several days to locate it. Finally, the man noticed strange behavior in one of his other pigeons. It would fill its crop as full as possible then fly away at great speed. The owner resolved to find out where the bird went, and so the mystery was solved. He traced the pigeon to a certain chimney-stack on the outskirts of Dover, and saw it drop the grains of corn down into the chimney. Ladders were brought and the chimney examined. Down in there, resting on a little brick ledge, was the lost pigeon, and it was still alive, thanks to its mate's care.

The Hoot Owl—a Helper

WILLIS MEHANNA

In the dusk of evening up and down the wooded valleys of our midwest streams and creeks can be heard the eerie, weird call of the long-eared or hoot owl. He is liable to be heard any time of year but oftenest in summer or autumn. He is a noble bird and man's friend. He usually has his nest in the forks and hollows of large trees and because of his nocturnal habits and unobtrusive ways he should survive many more decades. His prey consists largely of field mice and chipmunks which are very destructive to fresh planted corn, yet where the owl is these pests are scarce. He will occasionally get young ground-hogs and this trait should entitle him to protection. He is also a good weather prophet. If several of his kind take turns at calling and appear to be answering each other from different points up and down the creek during the evening and their calls are a little louder than common, a rain is not far off. The farmer hearing these calls had better not leave his hay in the swath.

America's Huge Bird of Mystery

ROBERT M. HYATT



THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR

FEW persons know it, but the largest flying bird in the world lives in California, his one and only home. He is the California condor, the king of all condors, and his approximate one hundred survivors are fighting extinction—and losing.

This great bird of mystery, which remains as much of an obscurity today as ever during the past half-century, exists in the original wild state in a certain mountainous region on the Coast Range, less than eighty miles from metropolitan Los Angeles. Yet his existence is almost as legendary—even to Californians—as the mythical roc of childhood tales. This because he is so rarely seen.

A disputed question for years, it is now definitely established that the California condor is the largest of all living birds that fly. Not even excepting the Andean variety, which is second in length of wing-spread, but usually weighing more. Actual measurement of several specimens of South American and Old World vultures have been made by eminent authorities. These measurements show that the average wing-spread of the adult California condor often exceeds ten, and as much as twelve, feet.

The California condor is a separate and distinct species of the vulture family and is found only in this state. It lays one egg, and then only every two years. The adult bird is black, with sizeable patches of white on the wing undersides, and has a naked head and neck, reddish or pink in color. He is an eater of carrion, killing nothing for food. Unlike his cousin, the Andean condor, our own condor does not grasp and carry off small stock and other animals, simply because nature did not provide him with grasping talons. All tales about child and lamb kidnapings to the contrary! The condors are gentle and kindly disposed toward humans, those few who have dared the dizzy heights of his natural retreat report. Yet, while exhibiting no marked unfriendly characteristics toward intruders, they are great "home lovers," seldom venturing beyond their own confines, and never near civilized communities.

The California condor flies at an altitude of about twenty-five hundred feet over peaks, from which height his keen eyes can

easily see even a small dead animal. This fact often leads the observer to confuse him with the common buzzard or "turkey vulture," which abounds in the Southwest.

To see a condor rise from a crag and soar into the blue haze, on perfectly motionless wings, and at incredible speed, is a sight not easily forgotten—one that will make you waver in your choice of the eagle as the "bird of majesty." After witnessing an exhibition of such expert "natural aviation," you will swear fealty to his reign of monarch of all that flies—not excepting man's awkward contraptions.

The California condor builds no nest. The egg is deposited on sticks or leaves in a shallow rock cave, usually in some inaccessible cliff a thousand or more feet in height. He chooses this because he requires a great deal of room for the "take off." The old birds appear to mate for life, which may well be in excess of a century. The young condor, for the first few weeks of his life, is covered with a grayish white down. He does not reach maturity until well into the second year.

Because of his near extinction, the California condor is at last actually protected with considerable zeal. Yet his species faces almost certain doom because his means of subsistence has been all but eliminated. Our cruel and heedless civilization has destroyed most of America's original wild life. The grizzly bear—California's emblematic beast—has gone to an inglorious end. And now the decimation of the California condor, a useful and grand creature, which we shall some day appreciate and regard with awe in memory only, is another of civilization's most pitiful crimes. For surely he will not be with us long. There seems little place in the scheme of things for a large vulture now. The vast stock herds of some years past are few; big game animals are scarce, less often are left dead for condors to eat, now that depredations of mountain lions have been so seriously curbed by state control. It but proves the law of the survival of the fittest: yet hardly applicable to animals, as man holds all the advantages.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and seventy-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during June. Of these, 94 were in Illinois, 62 in Vermont, 58 in Massachusetts, 47 in Rhode Island, five in Virginia, four in Georgia, and two in Pennsylvania.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 196,158.

Senator Schall and His Dog

NOT since the classic "Eulogy" pronounced in the Missouri Circuit Court in 1870 by U. S. Senator George G. Vest has there been so touching a tribute paid to the dog by a member of Congress as that which appears in the *Congressional Record* of May 23 last, where the blind Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota tells the story of "Lux," the German shepherd which had been his constant guide and companion. It seems that Senator Schall thought it inappropriate to take the dog with him on Senator Walsh's funeral cortege and as a result of the separation Lux pined away and died. We regret that space is not available for reprinting many more of Senator Schall's memorable words:

"He was indeed my 'light,' my eyes! No man could have served me better. The memory of him will temper the chill snows of life's coming winter, and smooth the furrowed brow with gentle thought. The heart will quicken its slackened beat, though near the verge of the silent grave, when the reflection of his aging master dwells on that fugitive but pleasant span of former life—that time when Lux did honorable duty, not only as a guide but as a companion and friend. * * *

"Lux was so completely mine! None but the blind will understand the whole of what I mean; none but those who have come to cherish a deeper love for the ever-hidden sun; none but they who have 'wandered lonely as a cloud.' * * *

"The kindest of seeing persons grow irked at waiting; but Lux would gladly await my pleasure through long hours, without food, drink, or movement—a patient sentinel at my feet. * * *

"I cannot wonder, since I have known Lux, that in medieval monuments the dog is placed at the feet of women as symbolic of affection and fidelity, and seen as a rest for the mailed feet of crusaders. * * *

"I cannot say too much for Lux, for he laid down his life for me, his friend; and well his story pleads the cause.

"Of those dumb mouths that have no speech."

Do not forget that in hot weather all domestic animals need a plentiful supply of water easily available.

"Breakfast"

ETHELYN ADELAIDE DANIEL

HE was only a little bay mare with a leg out of shape from having it broken years ago, and although somewhat impaired by being crippled she proved to be the gameliest little horse in our town. She having spent the best years of her life out on her master's ranch, and believing she had outlived her years of usefulness, he had decided to bring "Breakfast" to town that morning and sell her to the circus menagerie.

It was a hot morning in July. The big circus was in town with its yellow wagons and banners flying. Her master was there bright and early with Breakfast negotiating the sale, and Breakfast was soon sold to be served as breakfast to Al Barnes's family of hungry lions the next morning.

The big horse car stood waiting on the tracks for its load of freight for the trip that evening to the next stop. As they started to lead little Breakfast to the waiting car door she stoutly refused to be led by the gangway into the car. To all entreaties and pleadings Breakfast steadfastly stood her ground. As she struggled frantically for her life, a team of circus draft-horses dragged her to the waiting car door and, although blindfolded, chained and beaten, she plunged from the gangway and could not be pulled or pushed inside the car. "That's the fightin'est bit of horse flesh that was ever seen here," the circus men declared, baffled with all their facilities for loading animals, wild and tame.

Breakfast's desperate battle against overwhelming odds soon aroused a large crowd of onlookers; some through pity, others from curiosity. Seeing the crowd, we came up to see what the excitement was. At a glance my heart was touched with pity. Love for our horse, the most faithful of our dumb animals, stirred my heart, and stepping forward I addressed the foreman. "Mister, don't strike that poor little animal another lick. What will you take for her?" I spoke without a moment's thought for I knew I had no more use for a horse than an elephant. My only thought was pity for God's dumb animal. I could not see her mistreated any more as she stood, trembling and bleeding from her numerous cuts and bruises. Handing him the \$10 which he asked, I took Breakfast home with no idea what I could do with her. A happy thought came to my rescue, my friend's lovely mountain ranch, there was where I would take Breakfast.

The following Sunday Breakfast was taken to the ranch to spend the rest of her days "in clover."

Breakfast is now living happily the remainder of her days, as do most heroines of fiction and sometimes those in real life, on a lovely mountain hillside, drinking from cool sparkling springs that course down the mountain sides and enjoying life as only a well-cared-for animal can. My fondest wish, as well as those of her most ardent admirers, has come true, and today, Breakfast—the gameliest little horse of our town, Pueblo, is roaming those fields at her will because she was too game to be the early morning breakfast for Al Barnes's hungry family of lions.

And Breakfast, game as she was, taught a lesson to show our dumb animals kindness whenever possible to do so, remembering they are placed in our care and for our protection. When Breakfast, fat and with shining coat, with a sassy toss of her head comes to greet me on my visits to the ranch, I am repaid many times when those pretty intelligent eyes of hers seem to speak gratitude.

As I see her leisurely making her way to the shady creek for a drink, or munching those long tufts of grass which are hers, I am made happy with a conscience for right doing; for sparing one of God's dumb animals—our horse—the most patient and useful of animals, suffering and anguish from abuse.

The raccoon is a strictly American animal, native to no other part of the world.



AN UNDERSTANDING FRIENDSHIP



Oscar Visits the Shipping City

F. SAUNDERS

A BABY seal recently ventured up the Kennebec river one afternoon as far as the Maine Central dock in Bath, Maine, and climbed awkwardly up the bank to sun itself. It was soon discovered by an excited group of youngsters and, to their happy surprise, showed no alarm at their approach, in fact, seemed to welcome company.

The boys named it "Oscar," and for over two hours, played and caressed it, Oscar meanwhile acting much the same as a well-behaved dog. One daring youngster even placed his hand in the seal's mouth with no resulting discomforts.

Probably Oscar decided that a two-hour visit to the Shipping City was sufficient for the first call, for he finally flipped down the bank and into the water. This was the last they would see of Oscar, thought the boys, as they regretfully watched the seal swim away.

But one forenoon, only two days later, Oscar reappeared at the dock and landed as before. A large crowd of curious spectators quickly assembled to welcome him, and one lad fed him two cups of milk with a spoon.

It was stated by those who possess knowledge of these mammals, that Oscar was only about one week old.

It is a rare enough sight to see a seal this far up the Kennebec river; but to find one seeking human company besides—well, it's hard to believe.

The Pet-Basket Lady

ELSPETH JOYCE

THIS was the name the children of the neighborhood gave Mrs. Troy. She was a widow, the owner of a tiny home and a corresponding income and not much else—except a pet-basket.

She had bought it at a rummage sale for a local charity and was on her way home with it when she spied a sick kitten on the street. The little sufferer went into the basket and in the next few days Mrs. Troy nursed it back to health and playfulness. The house did not seem quite so lonely after that.

The next time she went out she did not take the pet-basket with her and was sorry she had not. For she found a lost puppy, a wobbly little chap who dodged in and out under autos and nearly got run over. She carried this little fellow home in her arms and a few days later returned him to his owner who had hurried to put an advertisement in the "Lost and Found" column.

It seemed as if every time Mrs. Troy went out she found a little animal that needed a friend and very gladly she befriended it. So she formed the habit of taking walks around the neighborhood whenever she could spare the time, always carrying the pet-basket along.

Often she brought it home empty but many other times it had a pitiful little occupant which she had rescued from the street. Sometimes she found good homes for these strays. Sometimes, if hurt, they had to go to refuges where their sufferings ended. Every little life was given the best she had to give, and her own life that had been so meager and empty became full to overflowing of helpfulness and joy.



"HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN"

"Lovely-Wings": a Ballad

MABEL HALL WALTER

*Alice came running over the hill,
She wept as she ran and she wept her fill,
The sound of her wailing was loud and shrill.*

*"Alice, O Alice, why do you cry?
Come here to mother, see, it is I!
O child, tell me quickly, why is it you cry?"*

*The wailing subsided but with fresh alarms
She cast herself sobbing in mother's dear arms,
That sure and safe refuge from all childish harms.*

*"We played on the hill-top, Paulina and I,
With dear "Lovely-Wings," my pet butterfly,
And she caught him and killed him,—and that made me cry!"*

*Down by the horse-barn, where thick maples keep
A guard of cool shadows, somber and deep,
'Mid hapless field babies, does Lovely-Wings sleep.*

*Alice, O Alice, fearless and free,
Lover of moth and mouse, bird, snake and bee,
All of God's creatures come gladly to thee.*

*All of God's creatures come at thy call;
Love and protect them and cherish them all,
So shall thy childhood be blest in recall.*

Is There Poison in Your Food?

(Continued from page 121)

relatively high death-rates from degenerative changes in the kidneys, blood vessels, stomach, and other organs may be in part caused by the use of irritating chemical substances in food.

"American dried fruits are unpopular abroad. To prevent discoloration of apricots, pears and peaches, driers expose the fruit to fumes of sulphur dioxide gas. To this day there is no limit to the sulphur dioxide content of our dried fruits *except*, curiously enough, in the fruit the Government buys for the use of its own officials and employees, hospital and asylum patients, soldiers, sailors, and veterans.

"White bread may be one of the most dubious foods we eat, simply because we eat so much of it. It is suspect on two counts: first, that with most yeast, in commercial baking, there are used 'yeast foods'—potassium bromate and other chemicals. Our officials have never even investigated these; but in France their use is banned. Second, poisonous chemicals are used in bleaching the flour from which all but a few American white breads are made. The use of bleached flour is so universal that it is safe to assume its presence in all white bread sold without special designation.

"In the manufacture of bakers' pies, breads and pastries, ingredients of such low grade are employed that no housewife would consider their use in her own kitchen. And no baker or manufacturer is required to impart to his customers a single word regarding these ingredients! If every baker were required to state all the facts on an attached card, he would have to reorganize his processes and formulae within a week.

"Of many fountain and bottled soft drinks and bakers' and restaurant products, every single ingredient is artificial or has been denatured or dried or dosed with an adulterant or preservative—but not one warning of these facts, even if they are shown on the labels of the sacks, barrels, and bottles of materials, comes through to the consumer.

"What can you as a consumer do? Above all, let your voice be heard, not once, but often, in protest. In time the whole noxious mess of artificial and adulterated products must be made *illegal*; for the present we can do much by demanding that the facts be told to all who can read, wherever food and drink are sold or served."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Hummingbird's Flight

EGBERT WALLACE, JR.

ACROSS the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Panama, hum the giant planes of the Pan American air line. With its set of motors roaring, the flight of one of these man-made birds is indeed awe inspiring to watch. Just as awe inspiring to contemplate, however, is the flight of a tiny, insect-like creature over this same route. With his own twin-propeller whirring, the ruby-throated hummingbird flashes upon his journey twice a year between the northern part of the United States and Panama.

We who are accustomed to watching the hummingbird darting from flower to flower in our gardens find it hard to conceive of this tiny bundle of feathers accomplishing such a vast journey. His nervous speed seems more fitted for short spurts and dashes here and there, rather than for the sustained effort required for a long flight. It has been found that a hummingbird's wing vibrates about two hundred times a second or five or six times faster than the average aeroplane propeller revolves. Truly a large amount of energy must be used by the hummingbird on his migratory flight. More than ever we are reminded of a Lilliputian aircraft.

One cannot help wondering whether the hummingbird is guided by landmarks on part of his trip, or if he sets his course by the stars when crossing the Gulf. What special sense does this little atom possess which guides him to his winter and summer homes with an unerringness that sets instrument boards to shame? It would be interesting to know.

There is a profound religious meaning for the doubting questioning human heart in that familiar line, "Only God can make a tree!" Listen to the hermit thrush or the English thrush or any other winged singer of the air and why must you not say, "Only God can make a bird."

The Scottish S. P. C. A., with headquarters in Edinburgh, continues to stress its humane education work. In its annual essay competition for 1933 there were 25,799 essays received from 463 schools, a considerable increase over the number for the preceding year. The subject assigned was: "Describe how needless suffering is caused to animals (and birds), and say how it may be prevented." Three books were used as prizes, there being 463 first, 115 second, and 82 third prizes awarded.

Wild Life and the Reforestation Army

(Continued from page 120)

game laws, and restrictive measures should be taken now before the fall open seasons for hunting begin, when perhaps most of the men will acquire hunting licenses and begin what will amount to a wholesale massacre of wild life right in the haunts where wild life must multiply, if at all.

Co-operation of federal officials is desirable but much can be accomplished by a strict enforcement of state laws which could be construed to prevent non-residents from obtaining hunting licenses except at greatly increased cost.

America's Earliest Dogs

EDITHA L. WATSON

SCIENTISTS studying basket-maker culture in northeastern Arizona came across a cave containing several burials, which had not previously been disturbed since those ancient inhabitants of America flourished—between 2500 and 1500 B. C.

A little family occupied one of the cists which were used as graves: husband, wife, and small baby, buried side by side, and preserved and "mummified" by the dry air of the southwest. With them were interred their two dogs; and this forms, perhaps, the most ancient example of love for animals to be found on this continent.

One of the dogs had long light-yellow hair, and was as large as a small collie. He still wore a snarl, and was probably the man's companion, a strong and not too friendly creature, and a good watch-dog. The other was much smaller—a little black and white fellow, with a rather short nose and erect ears—looking as if puppy-hood were not far behind him. It would be easy to imagine him romping about, getting under foot, being petted and teased, and adoring the baby, who was scarcely old enough to pay much attention to him.

Scientists have determined that these were true dogs, derived from those long-ago canines which followed their masters on the long trek from Asia to America. They were in no way related to coyotes or other-dog-like animals of this continent.

Our Dumb Animals

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